

PHILADELPHIA



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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XV.—*Con.*

BARCLAY, with the assistance of Gregory, put himself in decent trim for dinner, and when he entered the dining-room, although the dinner was not served, he found six people seated at the table. Being introduced, he learnt that the strangers were Major Cave, Dr. Butterwell, the parson, Mr. Didlington, the apothecary, and Mr. Delves, an old brother sportsman of Sir William's, who insured the Baronet's favour by constantly listening to his stories of former times, and helping him to recollect them.

Sir William sat at the bottom of the table, and young Lindley presided. On his right hand was seated the Doctor, a huge unwieldy man, who having been disappointed in his hopes of preferment, was in consequence a violent democrat. Opposed to him (in every sense of the word) was the Major, a member of parliament, and staunch aristocrat. The two middle places were unoccupied, but on the side with the Major, at the bottom of the table, was the apothecary, a little thin creature, who sat very prim in his chair, and was extremely diffident when he spoke, ever suspecting himself in the wrong; opposite to him was Mr. Delves, a jolly fellow, who placed himself close to Sir William, for the purpose already noticed. Our hero took his seat between the Major and the apotheca-

ry. The dinner was put on the table, when young Lindley said,—“Ah, we'll not wait for *Fidget*,” (a nick-name given to his lordship, as the Doctor was, in his absence, always called *Dismal*.) “I know he'd be angry if we were to delay dinner, so as to let him be here at starting. Now there's my watch—I'll bet fifty pounds he does not come this half-hour, and when he comes, he'll say these words.”—Here he repeated what his lordship would say, which, when dinner was half over, he came and said precisely. His phrase on these occasions was, “Dear, dear, well, I can never get any where in time—good folks, your servant; I can't think, for my part, how people manage, who have real business, for I, who have nothing to do, can scarcely get thro' it.”

During dinner, his Lordship and Lindley took the lead in conversation, the others paying all their devotion to the fare. Young Lindley's conversation, or *wit*, as he deemed it, was principally made up of strange out-of-the-way phrases, and a certain metaphorical way of speaking, such as calling a hearse, a *Gravesend* stage; a man cook, a dog cook; unripe fruit, not done enough; beef more roasted than it should be, over-ripe; and so on.

During dinner, Mr. Didlington, whose horse always stood at the door, which is a way of visiting *sec artem*, was twice summoned to attend his patients; but Lindley knowing that, like other country apothecaries, he had ordered his man to call for him, to shew that he had a great deal of business, tho' in fact no patient required his attendance, would not let him go.

“Come, come,” said he, “that won't do with us—you shan't stir a foot; take the man into the cellar, Hugh, and give him a good dose of ale, and see whether he likes that better than his master's physic.”

“Mr. Lindley,” replied the apothecary, very precisely, “I dare say I am wrong, but my patients will suffer for this.”

“You are wrong indeed,” cried Lindley: “What, patients suffer for keeping the apothecary away? I'll never believe that!”

Dinner being over, Sir William, at his end of the table, took up his story from Jerry's Pound, calling Barclay's attention to it; but he was soon left without any auditors, except Mr. Delves and the apothecary, who sat quite upright in his chair, with his face towards the baronet, grinning when he grinned, and not daring to turn from him.

Barclay was presently occupied in listening to the Major on the subject of war;—who recommended to every man to go into the army. His lordship was, as may be supposed, as great an aristocrat as the Major, and perfectly coincided with him in this opinion. “I would go into the army myself,” said he, “but I am too old: tho' I am small, I don't want courage: I can prove it.”

“Ay,” cried the Major, “I should be glad to hear.”

“A fellow, Sir,” said he, “once insulted me, who I knew would not give me satisfaction! I did not know what to do; but, upon enquiring, I found his affairs were not in the most flourishing circumstances, and that he would be glad of a commission in the army. I instantly, at my own expence, privately presented him with an ensignacy. After this I sent him a challenge, and he was then unable to refuse me. I wing'd him, and he begg'd my pardon.”

The Major highly approved of this courageous stratagem, and proceeded with his praises of the army, which Lindley ridiculed.

"It would be wise of you young men," said the Major, warily, "if you disposed of your time as well. Where, Sir, is your martial ardour? What," continued he, "will you not fight for your native soil?—Remember how your fathers bled for their country!"

"I do, I do," said Lindley, "and that's what frightens me!"

Here the Doctor interrupted them, and began abusing standing-armies and the ministers without mercy.

"How dare you blame ministers, Sir?" said the Major, who was as absurdly violent as the other, "have not they always a majority?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, with a sarcastic grin; "and we know that a majority can be purchased in that house as well as in the army."

"Sir," cried the Major, broiling, "no reflections on my profession."

"None in the world," replied the doctor—"but even granting that it is not purchased, we know that Bias has told us that (*Greek*)—"the majority is bad."

Lindley reprimanded him for a habit he had of quoting from the classics.

"Young gentleman," said he, "I do not see why a scholar should not be allowed to talk about his Latin and Greek, as well as a jockey about his horses."

Lindley made no reply, and Barclay took up the cudgel, saying,

"I'll tell you why, Sir; a scholar is supposed to have more sense."

The doctor looked as black as December, tossing up his head, to shew the little respect he had for Barclay.

The Major, who did not like skirmishing, but was very fond of a pitched battle, began a long speech, calmly setting out with saying,

"I'll not fly in the face of my superior, government sure knows what is wrong better than we do: we have left every thing to them. It is a kind of treason to oppose government; they are the power Heaven has set over men to direct them. You may as soon say you know religion as well as a bishop."

The Doctor smiled contemptuously.

"Sir," continued the other, "I look upon men who oppose government, to be little better than rebels: it is they that make us unsuccessful by land and sea; it is they that have ruined all nations; they let our enemies know what we intend to do; and that it is that makes us unsuccessful. Newspaper writers ought to be gibbeted. Abuse ministers, and lords, and parliament, and

* This speech of the Major's is taken from Macklin's unpublished MSS.

the whole bench of bishops, and sometimes the judges, and me—don't you see how they have abused me? They call me blood-sucker, only because I have a contract now and then. Why somebody must have it. Then they call me Major Deadvote: I am one of the Deadvote family, they say. I am as well known by the name of Deadvote as I am by the name of Major Cave. The newspapers, and all the enemies and rebels, call every man who is true to his king and his country, mere creatures, deadvotes, blood-suckers.

"Do you know what government is?" proceeded the Major, panting for breath; "what it means?—Why government is to rule, to govern;—and what are they who will not let it govern?—Why, they are traitors and rebels. How can they govern or rule, if the patriots will not let them? The fact is, they want to rule themselves. Who protects us from the French?"

"You have made a long speech to little purpose," said the Doctor. "As to your last question, I'll answer it: the arms of Neptune. But still, how are we protected? Why we are in this island like the archbishop who retired to a castle surrounded by water: he was safe from external enemies, so are we: but he was eaten up by the rats of his own castle; so are we by our own ministers. Sylla bred lice which destroyed him.—Cromwell engendered a stone in his bladder which destroyed him;—we nourish ministers who destroy us. These things were once obscured, but we are too much illuminated now-a-days not to see thro' them."

Siding with the Major, his Lordship said, "Ay, what, you are one of the *Illuminati*? Do you know that I think you are illuminated like Humphrey Clinker—"what you take to be the new light," said his master to him, and I say it to you, 'I take to be a deceitful vapour glimmering thro' a crack in your upper story.'"

Barclay seconded this attack, and exposed the Doctor's politics to the most laughable derision, concluding by saying, "however, I know you think yourself possessed of a great deal of wisdom. I guessed it so from your supercilious manner, and I shall not deny it, for you may perhaps build your opinion upon the well-known sentence, "it is wise to know little."

The company were all warm with wine, and the Doctor retorted. From politics they got to religion and the scriptures. Here Barclay beat the Doctor completely out of the field, quoting the original text, to his great astonishment. Amongst other authorities, he quoted Job: "For vain man would be wise, tho' he be born like a wild

ass's colt." "I translate," said he, "Doctor, that you may be illuminated not only in politics, but in scripture, which I think much better becomes you."

Young Lindley, the Major, and his Lordship, enjoyed this amazingly. The Doctor was heated, and descended to abuse. "Sir," said he, "your learning makes you impertinent."

"Sir," replied Barclay, "so does your ignorance."

The wine began to operate, and words ran high—"An assuming, impudent cockcomb!" cried the Doctor.

"Impudent!" said Barclay, coolly, unwilling to quarrel,—why you are impudence itself. I never met with a more excellent comment than you are on the *spirantia ara* of Virgil—you are an existing piece of the *breathing brass* he talks of."

"A fool!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"That's too bad!" was the general cry.

"Not at all," said Barclay, "I dare say he's right, for I'd take his judgment on folly sooner than any man's. Be assured that nobody's better versed in it than the Doctor—he's a professor."

The Doctor continued to deal out his liberal language without measure. His lordship and the Major were exceedingly noisy, and nothing would serve the former, but he must lick the Doctor, and he would certainly have made the attempt, had he not been prevented by Barclay and Lindley, who interfered.

"Come, come," said Barclay, "you must not mind him; you see he's half gone."

"D—him," cried his Lordship, "I won't forgive him because he's half gone; when he's quite gone perhaps I may."

The apothecary being the most sober of the company, left the two old gentlemen nodding in their chairs, and with some trouble got permission to lead the doctor home. His absence restored the harmony of the table, until the arrival of his Lordship's carriage, in which he, the Major, and Mr. Delves departed, but not without his Lordship first protesting that he would send the Doctor a challenge by the Major, in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTE.

A sea-officer, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking that he had been fresh wounded, called out for the surgeon, "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do."

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A Gentleman in London, fond of electrical experiments, finding his taylor very troublesome in his dunning visits, passed a wire from the rod of his machine to the knocker of the door, and several small wires under the door, it being necessary for conveying the electrical shock, that there should be two points of contact. Observing the taylor coming up stairs to his lodging-room, he locked the door, and set his machine in motion. Stay-tape knocked, and received a violent shock;—his surprize was so great, that making more haste down stairs than he ascended, he fell, and bruised himself very considerably. Being since informed by a philosophical acquaintance, that there was no supernatural agency in the case, the taylor has determined to bring his action for the bruises he received, his lawyer being of opinion that the gentleman may be electrified in Westminster-Hall. [London Paper.]

THE late Mr. Baker, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a person of such remarkable serenity, that nothing was ever known to discompose him.—One evening, having sat up rather later than usual with a friend in Jesus' College, and pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lanthorn along with him, which he refused. In going to St. John's College, it is necessary to pass thro' a church-yard, which, when he arrived at, the wine growing too powerful upon him, he fell flat upon his back between two grave-stones. After making several efforts to rise, to no purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was heard to say,—“Tis mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them.”

The writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: “After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a *man hanging upon a gibbet*; my pleasure at this *cheering* prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country.”

In a late novel of some pretensions to eminence, the author, who is a lady, concludes one of her chapters with the following inadvertent expressions: “We shall now bid adieu to Oscar for the present, and drawing on our boots of seven leagues, step after Fitzalan and Amanda.” The fair writer, we have the charity to believe, did not think to what a height such needless language transported her.

Two gentlemen, riding in a gig, between Egremont and Calderbridge, observed a sparrow-hawk pursuing a lark: The latter after several narrow escapes from its enemy, at length was reduced to the necessity of taking refuge in the carriage! It perched on the arm of one of the gentleman, and frequently peeping up, seemed to contemplate its situation with astonishment. Lest its fears should again expose it to danger, he took it in his hand; from whence it seemed to view, with conscious security, the distant sallies of its ravenous adversary. The hawk, thus deprived of its expected prey, disappeared in a few minutes; and the lark allowed again to expand its wing, soaring upwards, appeared to acknowledge its gratitude to his protectors, by pouring out its lively notes whilst it hovered over the carriage for a considerable time.

[London Paper.]

MORALIST.

THE force of habit and the extreme danger of fixing on any bad habit, particularly that of drunkenness, may be aptly illustrated by moralizing the following piece of natural history.

“On the coast of Norway is a dreadful whirlpool called by the natives, Maelstoom which signifies the naval of the sea. The body of the waters which form this whirlpool is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury: when it instantly, swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

“No skill in the mariner, nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite to his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock and entirely disappears.”

And thus it fares with the hapless youth that falls under the power of any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclinations, but every clapse carries him further down the current, (the violence of which increases) and brings him still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool: till, at length stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation,

and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

It should also be observed, on the other hand, that good habits are powerful as bad ones: therefore, no better advice can be given to youth, than the following: “Choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it the most agreeable.” [Weekly Mus.]

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER III.

If you are to judge of a *watch*, which you find does not *go well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hindered by any *accidental* obstruction, *before* you condemn it as a *bad piece of work*. Should not the same rule be observed where it seems to be often neglected? I mean in our judgment of each other.

How beautiful is the best side of the world!—How shocking the worst!

Have you never seen a strange, unconnected, deformed representation of a figure, which, seen in *another point of view*, became proportioned and agreeable? It is the picture of human nature.

You may fail to shine, in the *opinion of others*, both in your conversation and actions, from being *superior*, as well as from being *inferior* to them.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness in the world, if each pair of men that *secretly* laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other *aloud*!

Extremities meet. It is difficult to say whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the ploughman at the bottom, labours hardest.

Disagreeing in little things, and agreeing in great ones, is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men, breaks it.

Many men would have more wisdom if they had less wit.

Pope says:—

“For forms of government let fools contest,
“That which is best administer'd is best.”

But are *all* equally calculated to be well administered? or, if all were well administered, would *all* be *equally good*?

Have you any thing to say to the world, or to any part of it? Be quick, then, or perhaps you will be too late, and never say it.

THE THREE THIEVES;
OR,
HAMET AND BERNARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRAVERS, whom the fear of being robbed kept in continual alarm, and hindered from sleeping, thinking he heard a noise, awakened his wife, and ran to the trough, to see if the pig was there. It was; but having also fears about his barn and stable, he was willing to go all around, and set off, armed with a hatchet. Bernard, who heard him go out, took advantage of it directly, in picking the lock of the door; and going softly up to the bed, said to the wife, counterfeiting the voice of the husband—

"Mary the bacon is not on the wall—What have you done with it?"

"What have you forgot," replied the woman, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough—has fear turned your brain?"

"No, no," said he; "but I had forgot, Do you lie still—I'll go and take care of it." Saying thus, he took the pig on his shoulders, and carried it off.

When Travers had gone his round, and well secured all his doors, he came back.

"It must be owned," said his wife, "I have a husband with a poor memory! Why you forgot, just now, where you had put the pig!"

These words made Travers roar again—"I said it would be so! I knew they would steal it! It's gone! I shall never see it more!"

In the midst of these lamentations, however, it struck him that the thieves could not have got far with their prize in the time: so he posted after them directly, with some hope of recovering the pig. The rogues had taken a bye path across the fields, that went straight to the wood, where they hoped to hide their prey more securely. Hamet went first, to make sure the road; and his brother, who walked slower, on account of the weight, followed at some distance, Travers soon overtook him, and, knowing him immediately, said, imitating the voice of the elder brother—"Come you must be tired; give it me to carry in my turn."

Bernard, who thought it was his brother, gave Travers the pig, and went on before, but had scarcely gone a hundred paces, when, to his great astonishment, he met Hamet.—

"Zoons!" said he, "I have been trapped: that rogue Travers has played me a trick. But never mind; you shall see I know how to repair a blunder."

So saying, he stripped himself, put his shirt over his cloaths, made up something like a woman's night-cap on his head, and thus equipped, he ran full speed by another path to Travers's house, and waited for him at the door; but when he saw him coming, he went forward to meet him, as if it was his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, asked him if he had got the pig again.

"Yes, yes, I have him," replied the husband.

"That's well! Come, give it to me; I'll carry it in; and do you run to the stable, for I have heard a noise there, and am afraid they are breaking in."

Travers himself put the animal upon his shoulder, and set off a new round, to see that all things were safe. When he returned, he was much surprised to find his wife in bed, crying, and very much alarmed; and then found out that they had deceived him again. He determined, however, not to be baffled so; and, as if his honour was concerned in the affair, swore not to give it up till, somehow or other, he was victorious. He rather doubted if the thieves, this time, would take the same road; but rightly suspected that the forest being for them the nearest place of safety, they would go there as before. In fact they were there already; and eager to taste their prize, had lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to broil some steaks: the wood was green, and burnt ill, so, to mend it, they went to pick up some dry leaves and sticks. Travers, who had easily found the rogues, by the light of the fire, took advantage of their absence to strip himself entirely, climb up a tree, and suspend himself by his arms, like a person hanging; and when the thieves returned and were busily employed in blowing the fire, he roared out, with a voice like thunder "Wretches, you will end your days as I did!"

They firmly believed it to be their father's voice, and frightened out of their wits, tho't of nothing but running away. The other took up his cloaths and pig in great haste, and returned in triumph to relate his victory to his wife, who embraced and congratulated on his bold and dextrous exploit.

"Don't let us flatter ourselves too soon: the knaves are not far off; and as long as the pig remains here I shall be in a fright; so heat some water; we'll cook it; then let them come—I defy them to get it."

One lighted the fire, the other cut up the pig, and put it into the cauldron in large pieces: then they both sat down in the chimney corner to watch it. Travers, who was much fatigued with his labour

and anxiety all night, soon became drowsy, and his wife said to him—"Go you to bed; I'll watch the boiler: and as every thing is well secured, there's nothing to fear: at all events, if I hear any noise, I can wake you."

On this assurance he threw himself on the bed in his cloaths, and soon fell asleep. His wife continued to watch the cauldron for some time, but at last grew drowsy, and fell fast asleep in her chair.

During this time the thieves, recovered from their first alarm, had returned to the oak, and not finding either the man hanging, or the pig, easily divined the real truth of the matter. They would have thought themselves disgraced for ever if Travers in this skirmish of stratagems had gained the victory, and went back again to his house, fully determined to exert their utmost dexterity in the art of thieving, in one grand final effort.

Before they laid their plan, Bernard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to know if the enemy were on their guard. He saw on one side Travers, stretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, with a ladle in her hand, and her head waving backwards and forwards, asleep, close to the fire, and the bacon boiling in the pot.

"They are willing to save us the trouble of cooking," said Bernard to his brother; "though, after all, it is nothing but their fear of us made 'em dress it. Do you remain quiet; I'll engage you shall eat some of it yet."

He then went and cut a long pole, made it sharp at one end, and, getting on the roof of the house, thrust it down the chimney, stuck it in one of the pieces of meat, and drew it up. It happened that Travers at that moment awoke, and saw the manœuvre. He considered that, with such skillful enemies, peace was better for him than war; so he called out to them—

"My friends you are in the wrong to disgrace my roof, and I was wrong not to invite you to partake of the pig. It would be endless to contest any longer which has the most cunning; so come down and feast with us." Saying this, he opened the door, and they all sat down to table, quite reconciled and and cordial together.....!

REMARK.

The gifts of a virtuous mind are subject to no limitations; they are, as the soul, immortal,—time-scorers,—the guides of life,—resisting all things,—commanding *all* things,—yet uncommanded and uncontained of any.

THE
*Baths of the Emperor Julien.**

An Anecdote of the Fourth Century.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Observations of the Translator—M. Lunigiani, a learned Italian, sent me, at the time the French were in possession of Tuscany, a very curious Italian manuscript, which he found in an obscure corner of the Marciana library at Florence. "I transmit you," says my friend, "something that will interest you. It is a manuscript which has escaped all our literati; in which some mention is made of ancient Paris, and particularly of a monument, the ruins of which are still to be seen in your city."

Nor being accustomed to the form of the letters, it was with some difficulty that I could make out the manuscript. A marginal note informed me that it was a translation, made in 1431, from a Greek MS. brought from Constantinople by cardinal Bessarion: that the cardinal had discovered it in the library belonging to the emperors, and that he supposed it to have been the work of one of the secretaries which Julien the apostate, had taken with him to Constantinople, after his elevation to the empire. *Niccolo Nicoli*, the author of this note, adds, that after having translated cardinal Bessarion's manuscript into Italian, he returned it to the cardinal, who expressed his intention of depositing it in the Vatican.

I know not whether the MS. has been preserved by the Popes: this note, however, explains how the Italian translation happened to reach my hands; for it appears, in *Tirabouchi*, that Cosmo de Medicis purchased the library of *Niccolo Nicoli*, and added it to the Marciana, where my friend discovered it.

I pique myself very much upon the fidelity of my translation, since I have been unwilling to make the slightest alteration in a composition of this piece of antiquity. I have carried my scruples so far as to preserve even the expressions which the author makes use of in speaking of the Christians; expressions which I am very far from approving. It should be recollected that this sect was then very much despised by the Gauls, altho' Constantine had already rendered it predominant in the capital of the empire. Nor should we forget that the article is drawn up by the secretary of an emperor, who, with all the generous qualities that constitute the character of a great man, and all the virtues of a rigid philosopher, was a decided enemy to Christianity, which presented itself to him in an odious light through the cruelties and perfidies of Constantine.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

SYLVANUS, who had the superintendence of the palace of the baths, presented himself before Julien. "Cæsar," said he, "I implore thy protection."—"Speak, Sylvanus, I grant it to thee," replied the emperor. "Savinien, one of thy centurions, loves my daughter."

* The ruins of this palace, constructed, or at least enlarged, by the emperor Julien, are still to be seen at Paris, between the street of *La Harpe*, and the ancient *Hôtel de Clugny*.

"Well, let him marry her."—"He is a Christian," rejoined Sylvanus; "I am attached to the religion of my fathers, and I should be very sorry if my daughter were profaned by one of these impious innovators. If they were contented to sacrifice to their Gods in silence, indeed!—but you are not ignorant, O divine Cæsar, that these wretches have a design to extend their errors over all the earth, and to turn the world upside down. Have we not seen what occurred at the time of the promulgation of that edict of Constantine, which ordered the celebration of the Sabbath? Although there was but a handful of them in your good city of Lutèce, had they not the insolence to interrupt the sacrifices which we offered to the gods, and to vomit forth their blasphemies against them? It is only since you restored us to liberty, O Cæsar, that they have relapsed into the contempt above which they ought never again be suffered to rise."

"I know as well as you, Sylvanus," replied Julien, "how formidable these men are to the empire. Their foolish doctrines have already imbrued Alexandria, Antioch, and Nicæus with blood. Can I forget the time when my uncle Constantine detained me a prisoner in Cesarium, between death and four or five of their doctors, who would have forced me to comprehend things that are unintelligible, and make me believe in dogmas about which they could not agree themselves? However, what do you wish me to do for you upon this occasion?"

"I ask of you, O Cæsar, to banish this officer, and deliver me from his persecutions."

Julien replied, that he wished not himself to become a persecutor; and the superintendent withdrew from the palace, mortified and unhappy. "O my Priscilla!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead with his hand, "I see too well that you will not hesitate to sacrifice to this man, thy father, thy country, and thy gods."

Some one came to inform the emperor, that the troops which he was about to lead against the Germans, were on the *Campus Martis*, and he immediately set out to review them, saying, as he departed—"When I cultivated letters and philosophy at Athens, I little expected that I should become a destroyer of men. But who can penetrate the secrets of fate? The reformer of the empire, by the massacre of his son Crispus, his nephew Licinius, and his wife Fausta; and his worthy successor, by commanding the death of two

of my uncles, and that of my seven cousins, have paved my way to the throne. Monsters! they have rendered me doubly unhappy. They have not only robbed me of my friends, but have also invested me with the imperial purple."

Cæsar exercised the troops: nobody was so well acquainted as himself with the manner in which the Germans fought. He commanded the soldiers to go through their several modes of attack: then raising his eyes to heaven, he cried out—"O Plato! what an employment is this for a philosopher!"

In the mean time old Sylvanus returned home, and uttered the bitterest reproaches against his daughter:—"I see," said he, "whither thy foolish passion will conduct thee. Art thou not ashamed to fall in love with a Christian? thou, the daughter of Sylvanus, and who wert initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, at the last calends of Mars!" Priscilla cast her eyes on the ground, and made no reply. "I saw again, this day," continued Sylvanus, "who it was that was conversing with you in the emperor's gardens."—"Father, it was in the presence of your sister."—"I suppose he besought you to embrace his impious worship."—"He spoke to me indeed, my father, of the God of the Christians, and told me that he is a powerful and jealous God, who will eternally punish those who refuse to acknowledge him. He added that his greatest torment was the thought that I should be doomed to everlasting fire in another world."—"It is thus," said the enraged Sylvanus, "that they either seduce or terrify youth. They break asunder the bands of nature. According to their principles, we must sacrifice our best sentiments, and disclaim the affinities of friend, of son, and of father. Their abominable morality would dry up the springs of the heart, and sap the foundations of society. My daughter, I command you never to speak again to Savinien, unless he will return to the path of virtue, and the reverence of our gods."—"You know, my father, what obstinacy characterizes those of his belief."—"Well then, you shall never see him more."—"Father, do you desire my death?"—"No, girl, I do not wish for your death, but I am master of your life. We are not yet Christians, thanks be to the gods! and children are not yet set free from the authority of their parents."—"You may kill me then father," replied Priscilla, "as soon as you please."

(To be concluded next week)

* See Gibbon, Vol. iv.

The Querist.

NO. V.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

I HAVE said, "Whether her (i. e. the Female Friend's) observations will or will not produce conviction that the Behemoth and Mammoth are of *one kind*, is not a matter of such *infinite* importance." In explanation of which, in part, I made a remark that, "those observations are *highly valuable* in more points than one," (meaning that single one) which I referred to in intimating a hope that they "will be productive of beneficial consequences both as to RELIGIOUS BELIEF and PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATION." I will now add a further remark or two; which the reader, if he thinks the subject as useful or interesting as I do, will not deem obtrusive: For, surely, whatever can have the least possible tendency to induce us to "look thro' Nature up to Nature's God," and thereby make us wiser and better, cannot be totally uninteresting or useless to any of us.

With respect to *Religious Belief*, I have shewn that the solitary instance of the Mammoth, amounting to "evidence of things not seen," is as "a host of witnesses" in support of the CHRISTIAN's faith in his BIBLE; and, tho' but one argument, outweighs the mighty mass of the objections and invectives of Infidelity from Chaldaea to the Western wilderness, and at once confutes the fine-spun specious systems of of what are called *Philosophers*. With what pains have they laboured, from age to age, by adding opinion to opinion and dogma to dogma, to raise a formidable fortress against REVELATION! How have they exulted when the plain honest pious Christian has not been able to comprehend their *sublime* speculations, travel with them thro' the regions of metaphysical confusion, or answer their ingenious but unintelligible questions! And how have they chuckled at the idea of picking out of the SACRED RECORD, an obscure passage here and there of remotest antiquity, for the purpose of confounding the Christian by forcing him to produce proof, at this day out of his power! "for, say they, if we can disprove one single fact, no matter of what kind, it is sufficient to disprove the whole of the Scripture; and, of course, the whole of this Revelation falls to the ground." And, till the Behemoth, or Mammoth if you please, offered evidence of the existence of an animal, larger than the elephant (threefold, according to the traditions of the Siberians and our Indians) and conse-

quently larger than they could conceive, how did they triumph over the Christian world! Ah! what a pity does it not seem that, in the way of such *enlightened and enlightening Philosophers*, there should be such a stumbling block as a clumsy Behemoth or Mammoth! But I leave them to their own reflections.—It is enough for me that every day, affording fresh testimony to the authenticity of the BIBLE, I find my own belief strengthen daily; and I rejoice in the conviction of others. To me, the Behemoth, and similar means of information, appear but as links to that grand chain of proofs of DIVINE REVELATION, which will be constantly unfolding, to the wonder and astonishment of short-sighted mortals, until all be fully and clearly developed,—all the prophecies accomplished, all the types answered, and the *Glorious Dispensation* shine forth in its own intrinsic excellence and splendor, plain and bright as the meridian sun: "For, till Heaven and Earth pass away, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled."*

And now, with respect to *Philosophical Speculation*, I here might point out a number of ways in which the Observations of our fair Female Friend might be of beneficial consequences.—But I have not room—Let it suffice that I mention one or two; leaving them for persons of talents to extend and dilate:—

1. They may induce us, with more diligence, attention and satisfaction, to *search the Scripture*; which, even independently of its *Divine Spirit*, contains at least as much interesting matter as any other history.

2. They may induce us more than we have been accustomed, to consult *Prophane History*, both cotemporary and relative; which affords matter of information and amusement, and sometimes corroboration of the Sacred Scriptures.

3. They may induce us to read more frequently the sublime volume of Creation, the book of Nature, that grand repository of instruction, profit and delight—for

"Nature is as a book before all set,

"Wherein to read God's wondrous works."†

And hence NATURAL HISTORY, by way of preface, would claim (as it unquestionably deserves) our first attention and study, since every character in society,—the philosopher, the astronomer, the traveller, the chemist, the artist, the farmer, the private citizen, male and female, may convert it into the means of amusement, pleasure, and utility. "By Natural History, (says a late

* Matth. v. 18. Luke xvi. 17. † MILTON.

intelligent and elegant writer,) I mean a knowledge of whatever composes the universe; as the heavens, the meteors, the atmosphere, the earth, and all the phenomena which happen in the world. One of the most important branches of this science is MAX, because an acquaintance with his frame and character is most intimately connected with *human happiness*. The facts which compose it are the elements of all our knowledge; they always please or agitate the mind; they excite the liveliest attention, of both sexes, to the greatest advantage, and tend to form habits of thinking and reading that preserves the more advanced from listlessness, and the young from indolence and debasing sensuality." Here let us divert our attention by a striking contrast:

ENQUIRY XIII.

An author of celebrity thus expresses himself, on the *reading of NOVELS*:—"It is as incumbent a duty [for parents and guardians] to attend to the *books* a young lady reads, as to the *company* she keeps; for, if it be allowed that the frequent hearing of loose conversation naturally prepares the mind for vicious ideas, it cannot be denied that books in which LOVE is the *only theme*, and INTRIGUE the *sole business* of the actors, are more dangerous than even bad company; since the recital of lascivious scenes might shock an ear yet hardened in vice, when the *warm representation painted in a Novel*, and read in the *privacy* of retirement, cannot fail of *exciting desires*, and leaving *impure traces* on the memory."—Query, Is there any truth in this?—Also,—Query, As people read more novels and fictions than history and facts, is not NOVEL-READING the best in the world?

XIV.

I have lately heard the sentiments of persons of different tastes, respecting periodical publications; one liking this, and another that: and, among the number, was a young Miss of family, fashion and fortune, who did not hesitate to avow her "decided opinion that the REPOSITORY was not *nigh* as entertaining as the MINERVA."—Query, What is the reason of her preference? Or, If, between those two papers there is material difference, what is it?

XV.

It has been observed to me, by a foreigner, who has visited many of the principal parts of the union, that *hocus-pocus*, *monkeyism*, *dancing grimaces*, *buffoonery*, &c. thrive best in Philadelphia.—Query, Can this be accounted for? If so, upon what principle?

The Bouquetier.

NO. VI.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Let weeping-willows tell her doom.

WHEN long the world, beneath Night's solemn reign,
Had been entranc'd in Sleep's oblivious dream,
LOUISA, with her babe, across the plain,
Sought the lone windings of the Schuylkill's stream.

Faint shone the Lunar Orb, so lately bright,
And o'er the landscape shed a glimm'ring ray;
Which, with its pale, oft-intermitted light,
Just serv'd to shew the hapless mourner's way.

A sullen silence stilly held the air,
Save where she heard the breezy zephyrs breathe,
And on damp wings the river's murmurs bear,
Or night-birds' notes, ill-boding, from the heath.

Her lab'ring bosom heav'd with sobs and sighs,
For in her suff'rings none would bear a part;
And thus, while sorrows trickled from her eyes,
Burst forth the fulness of her breaking heart:—

"Oh! wretched mother! Oh! ill-fated child!
"Abandon'd, persecuted by thy sire!
"From friends, relations, and the world exil'd,
"Where shall we find support? Ah! where retire?

"Thy little sustenance must soon be done,
"Thy half fed, half clad mother feels decay:
"Who then will nourish thee! my son! my son!
"When these maternal breasts are cold as clay?

"For perish soon I must,—unless some friend
"To me Compassion's speedy boon impart,
"Raise my sunk soul, and kind assistance lend,
"To soothe the anguish of my woe-fraught heart.

"I'll haste to yonder bow'r fast by the road,
"Where Weeping-Willows form a canopy;
"And there forlorn, take up my dear abode—
"Some pitying stranger may perhaps pass by.

"Ah, HENRY! HENRY! 'twas that very bow'r,
"First heard thy passion breathe eternal truth;
"Next saw thee, spurning Virtue's sacred pow'r,
"Beguile my innocence, and blast my youth:

"Then leave me,—tho' thy solemn vows to Heav'n,
"Declar'd thee ever mine, and only mine—
"Now to another thy false hand is giv'n,
"To increase thy wealth and cause thy name to shine.

"But oh! deprav'd! to urge thy cruel sire,
"My new-born babe's existence to destroy,
"And 'gainst the mother deal out vengeance dire—
"LOUISA!—late thy love, thy life, thy joy!

"Was it for this I left my parent's cot,
"My friends' caresses, my dear native home,—
"All, all,—to share with thee thy fortune's lot—
"And then by thee be doom'd in want to roam?

"Hard is the fate of Woman, form'd to prove,
"The liveliest touch of sensibility:
"Yet must, (proscrib'd the rights of injur'd love,)
"In secret suffer, and submissive die.

"Oh! why did Nature give us finish'd forms,
"Soft-winning graces, captivating airs?
"Ah! little to be wish'd are Beauty's charms,
"If to their owners thus they serve as snares.

"Had I once known that those alone are bless'd,
"Whose love meets love in life's congenial spheres,
"I had not thus been left, disgrac'd, distress'd,
"To weep my fate in unavailing tears—"

Thus wail'd the love-lorn, sad, despairing maid,
As on with pain she trode the lonely road,
Until she reach'd the Willow's conscious shade,
And there resign'd herself and child—to God—

(That God, who never will forsake the Just;
Whose tender mercies o'er his works extend;
Th' Eternal Rock of ages; Virtue's trust;
The mourner's comfort, and the good man's friend)

And as Night's empress sunk beneath the west,
And clouds and hollow murmurs gloom'd the scene,
She, with her babe close clinging to her breast,
Reclin'd—ador'd—and met her fate serene!

Her fate!—but here let Sympathy bestow,
The tear that injur'd Innocence receives—
Her fate was, from this world that night to go!—
Her child's—to stay behind—and STILL HE LIVES!

Thou libertine! Seduction's glozing friend,
Whose pride is Female Virtue to destroy,
Think on LOUISA!—Pause—Compassion blend,—
Or HENRY's tale may next involve thy guilty joy.
AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 12, 1802.

AS MR. RANNIE, the VENTRILQUIST, has generously appropriated Monday evening, the 14th inst. for the benefit of the *Benevolent Society of Philadelphia*,—the Public are hereby informed that Tickets may be had at the *Office of the REPOSITORY*, or of Mr. RANNIE, as usual.

It is certainly a trait in Mr. Rannie's character that does him no small degree of credit, that he thus makes an offering at the shrine of Benevolence, in most of the cities and towns he passes through. It fully expresses a sense of gratitude, as well as a sympathetic feeling for the *miseries of his fellow creatures*.

We think the choice Mr. Rannie has made as the object of his benevolence, a good one, and we sincerely wish him a full house.

WE are informed that the lovers of music will have a grand treat in the course of the ensuing week. Mr. John I. Hawkins intends giving a Concert, to exhibit a musical instrument he has just completed on a construction entirely new: he calls it a *CLAVIOL*, from *clavis*, a key, and *viol*. The tones are produced from gut-strings, by horse-hair bows, rosined; it is played on with finger-keys, like the organ, or piano forte. This instrument, we are told, produces the sweet enchanting tones of the harmonica, the rich sounds of the violin, and the full grand chords of the organ.

THE MUSEUM being in a central part of the City, and publicly known, is most convenient as a resort to find Children that ramble from their homes—the Subscriber therefore requests all persons

who find lost Children, to bring them to the State-House or Philosophical Hall, where they will be taken care of until called for by their parents.

C. W. PEALE.

The Booksellers, to the number of 49, who attended the LITERARY FAIR, lately held at New-York, dined together at Lover's Hotel, on Friday, the 4th inst. Among a number of appropriate Toasts, drank on this novel and pleasing occasion, the following, we think deserve particular attention:—

May Literature like Liberty, be loved by every American.

The Press—may it never be employed with effect, but in defence of the best interests of mankind.

Remorse and Repentance to the man whose Press or Book-store is like Pandora's box, fraught with destruction to the morals of society.

May the man who prostitutes his pen to taint the morals of the rising generation be shunned as the worst pest of society.

An Indian Tradition respecting the Mammoth, delivered in the terms of a Shawanese Indian.

"TEN thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping Sun; long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind, to ruin this garden of nature—When nought but the untamed wanderers of the wilderness, and men as unrestrained as they, were lords of the soil—a race of animals existed, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night.—The pines crashed beneath his feet, and the lake shrank when he slacked his thirst; the forceful javelin was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side—Forests were laid waste at a meal—the groans of expiring animals were every where heard; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the howlings of death. All were killed except ONE male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monongahela, and rearing aloft, bid defiance to every vengeance.—The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotted oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster.—At length maddened with fury he leaped the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Joseph Barker, to Miss Ann Barclay, daughter of Mr. Samuel Barclay, Hatter of Southwark.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Silas E. Weir, Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Barnhill, both of this city.

A London paper thus notices the marriage of Miss Bingham—Miss BINGHAM, just married to the 3d son of Sir Francis Baring, is one of the greatest fortunes of the present time—Her father is director of the Bank in Philadelphia, a man possessed of immense riches.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 4th inst. aged 40 years, Andrew Douglass, esq. of the house of Morgan & Douglass of Annapolis.

Suddenly, on the 8th, Mr. Robert McKean, esq. son of his Excellency the Governor of this Commonwealth.

In Effingham county, Virginia, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Hannah Moore, aged 111 years!

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MANUS MANUM FRICAT.*

WHILST some to love, and some to drink,
Do waste their paper, time, and ink,
And cheerfully do make words clink

To cheer the souls who like it:

With merry heart I take the pen,
Not drink to praise, or wit, or men,
Or virtues far 'bove human ken,

But "*manus manum fricat.*"

This pleasing theme all must commend,
It joins completely friend to friend,
The first, the middle, and the end,—

Strong link of sweet society:

Without it man would find no joy,
His breast would heave the sullen sigh,
Dark, solemn, sad, he oft would cry,

What's life without variety?

O that I could make all agree,
And heart and hand to join with me
To tune the lyre to flattery,

And ever praise each other:

No faults to find, or blame to give,
But flatter'ing, flatter'd always live;
Then critics *sour inquisitive*

With spleen would surely smother.

Envy and anger both would die,
Discord depart, and harmony,
With smirks and smiles, would soon destroy

All seeds of jarring quarrel:

All would take draughts of learning in,
Without high words, dispute, or sin,
And act upon a merry pin,

Like toppers round a barrel.

How smoothly then would poets sing,
And with good humour strike the string,
Their tuneful notes would sweetly ring,

As ding dong bells melodious:

Then should some daring Critic squeak
In Hogan's paper once a week,

With one united voice we'd speak,

Condemn, pronounce him odious.

O dear how pretty that would be,
I'd Billy praise,—then Billy me;

And tweedle-dum praise tweedle-dee:

Thus round the ring we'd carry:

Dick scratching Neddy,—Neddy Dick;
Beck tickling Sally,—Sally Beck,

And flattery tickling every neck,

Like playing at blind Harry.

Whip critics all, send them to school,
Your censor morum'st but a fool

To scan our faults by line and rule,—

I hate the caning fellow:

* One good turn deserves another, or scratch my hand
and I'll rub yours.

† A moral critic.

What tho' I curse, or lie, or drink,
Till I can scarcely stand or think,
Flattery at all my faults can wink
Good natur'd,—I'm but mellow.

Or should one chance in verse or prose
To let dame reason take a doze,
United all we ought to oppose

A CENSOR LITERARUM,*

Who scans our faults in very spite,—

What! must we think before we write?

And judge of metaphors—poor wight!

I hate such senseless larum.

Nor sense, nor grammar let's regard,
Or feet, or figure,—'twould be hard

That we our genius should retard,

By rules and laws poetic:

Perplex our brains with Locke or Blair,

Our spirits sink with toilsome care,

Weigh ev'ry word in balance fair,

And all to please a critic!

The easiest way was still confess'd

To be the pleasantest and best,

So let us give our noddies rest

About sense and propriety:

Let's join and flatter, *that's your sort!*

Laugh, tho' there's not a point for sport,*

And banish wit and sharp retort,—

Thus gain sweet notoriety.

O how sublime our thought will rise,

For learning we will gain the prize,

Our poets' praise shall reach the skies;

O di! quam miri micat†

My motto's excellence: O men

Make flattery flow from ev'ry pen,

And say with all your hearts, Amen,

To *manus manum fricat.*

WILLY SMOOTH.

* A critic in belle letters.

† O how wonderfully it shines!

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DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

How distant oft the thing we doat on most.

YOUNG.

WHY do I often love to rove

Where once my Delia us'd to stray?

Does fancy linger in the grove,

And does she bid me come away?

With speed I'll tread her hallow'd bow'rs,

And cull with care the fragrant flow'rs.

Echo! repeat the gentle strains

Which from my soft-ton'd flute resound:

Bear the sweet notes across the plains,

And fill the verdant vallies round,

Bear, O bear them to her ear,

Perhaps my Delia listens near.

My little grove is cover'd o'er,

With flow'rs of variegated charms;

The rose-tree peeps into the door,

And seems to say, "Come to my arms,"

The honey-suckle blooms full near,

And sheds her fragrance in the air.

Delia! for thee a seat I've made,

Impervious to sol's darting ray:

The primrose blossoms in the shade,

And zephyrs round the violets play.

E'en there the dove hath built her nest,

Of my sweet bow'r, a welcome guest.

Ah me! can all these charms delight,

(The grass-crown'd seat, the odorous air,)

If Delia does not bless my sight?

If she disdains to tarry there?

No, no, they have no charms for me;

From this blest shade my thoughts will flee.

Ah! cruel girl, ah! why thus leave

Thy friend in solitude to mourn?

Must he for ever sigh and grieve?

Will his sweet maid no more return?

If so—farewell the joys I knew:

Dear idol of my heart, adieu!

EUGENIO.

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THOUGHTS ON RICHES.

WHY should we offer at the shrine of wealth,

Our peace, our virtue, innocence and health?

Why toil for riches which we can't enjoy?

Why grasp at pleasures which are sure to cloy?

Can riches give contentment, health, or peace?

Or to an anxious woe-worn mind give ease?

Smooth the contracted, gloomy brow of care,

Or soothe to peace, the breast rack'd by despair?

Why waste in cares the blooming hours of life,

And pass our days in tumults toil, and strife,

For wealth, which cannot ev'n a moment save

Its proud possessor from a common grave?

Death's awful call, all mortals must obey,

And all must sleep beneath the peaceful clay;

If rich and powerful, glittering on a throne;

Or poor and weak, despised or unknown....

But, here methinks a pleasant voice I hear,

Which sweetly thus salutes my list'ning ear—

"Wealth is a blessing, when it is possess'd

"By him who has a sympathising breast;

"Whose feeling heart owns pity's soft command,

"Who gives with cautious, yet unsparing hand,

"And scatters blessings o'er a grateful land;

"Dries up the tear that fills the sufferer's eye,

"And cheers the sadden'd face of misery:

"Not all the joy that fills the conqueror's soul,

"When by his arms the hostile thousands fall,

"Can be compar'd to his, whose gen'rous mind,

"Feels for the woes and sorrows of mankind;

"Who spends his life and wealth in doing good,

"And justly gains from thousands gratitude.

"Heav'n's choicest blessings rest upon his head,

"And when he slumbers with the silent dead,

"Upon his tomb the poor shall drop a tear,

"And say, The friend of man lies buried here."

CARLOS.

☞ The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 21st payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.